

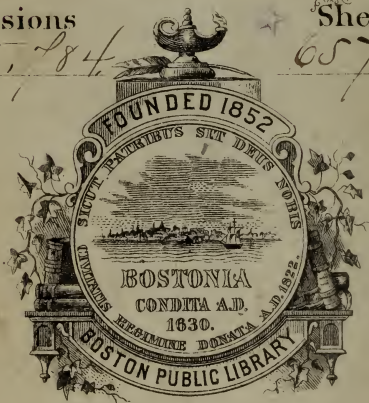


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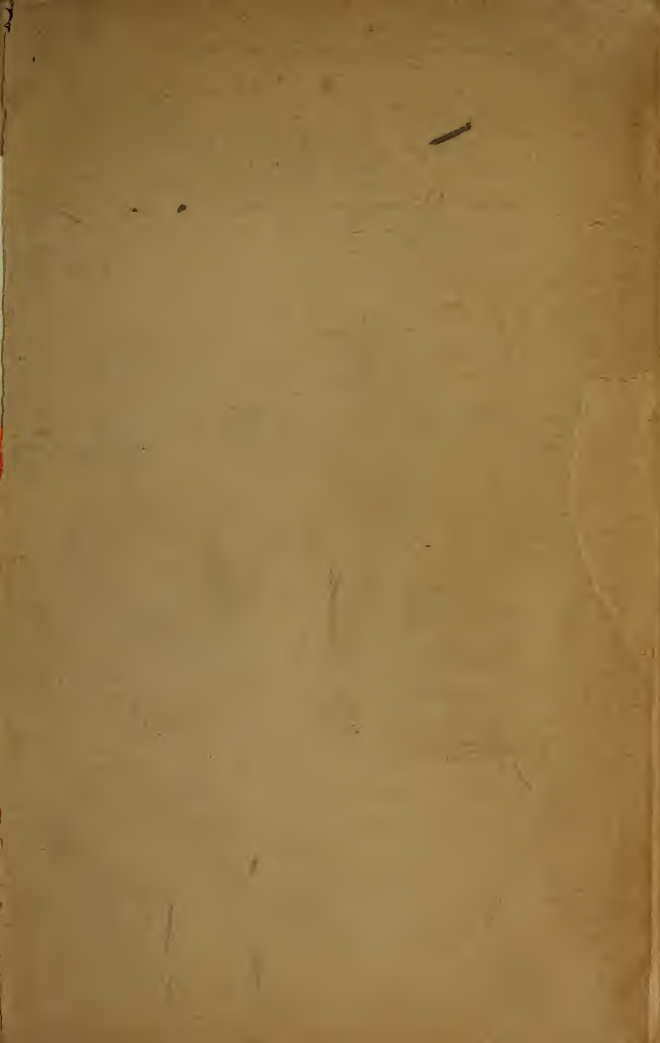
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3  
THE ANGEL OF THE ATTIC.

*A SERIO COMIC DRAMA.*

in

**One Act.**

BY THOMAS MORTON, ESQ.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,

LONDON.

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

*The Chevalier*..... Mr Walton  
*Michael Magnus, an Apprentice* .... Mr. Walter Lacy  
*Mariette, a Milliner* ..... Miss Emma Stanle

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*Scene.*— PARIS, in the year 1792.

First produced at the Princess's Theatre, May 27, 1843  
Time of Representation—1 hour

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### COSTUME.

*Chevalier.*—Full uniform, three corner'd cocked hat, white facing. Blue coat richly laced with silver, and faced white. shirt-frills and ruffles, white breeches, and military boots to the knee.

*Michael.*—Blue blouse tied round the waist with red cotton handkerchief, brown jacket and trowsers, (short) shoes and large buckles, cocked hat and large tri-coloured cockade, sword and belt, cartridge box and belt.

*Mariette.*—Small French cap, blue striped gown, small apron band and small cross round neck.

## THE ANGEL OF THE ATTIC.

SCENE I.—*An attic.—(Gable end.)—On the right and left, a door—window in the back-ground—a few chairs—two tables—chest of drawers—small looking glass, &c. An air of extreme neatness, and cleanliness about the whole.*

MARIETTE *rushes in* L. H.

Mar. Again I have escaped him ! but I am so terrified ! Luckily the little passage at the top of the Alley is so dark, or he might have seen me enter this house, and perhaps have followed me to my very room. Let me see if the impudent creature is still there. [*Goes to window.*] Yes ! there he stands. Well, the man's a man—very good-looking I declare—and by his uniform, a colonel or captain at least. Ah ! he looks up ! [*Runs away.*] If he continues to annoy me every time we meet, I shall soon be afraid to stir out for my work ; for our poor Alley has but one outlet, and that opens close to the Palace, where I'm sure he is quartered. What shall I do ? Tell Michael Magnus ? Oh no ! they say Love's blinded—but though I love him dearly, I can't help seeing his faults through the bandage ; and Jealousy's the biggest amongst them ; besides, this new freak of his, this unaccountable rage against lords and court folks, that do no particular harm, or good either, that I can see, would certainly lead him to some outrage. [*Peeping.*] So ! my gentleman's gone at last ! Ah me ! these officers ! they follow poor girls like wolves after lambs ; and as Father Paul said on Sunday, "happy's the lamb, that's safe with the good shepherd !"

*The CHEVALIER opens the door R. H., and enters—he is in full uniform of the Garde du Corps.*

Cher. This must be the room.

Mar. Ah ! 'tis he !

Cher. [*Aside*] 'Tis he ! that shews at least I have been noticed.

Mar. (L) Sir, what do you want here ? Retire instantly.

Cher. (R) What ! without a word, without a smile, after seven days patience, hope, and perseverance ? [*Smiling.*] To say nothing of climbing up staircases enough to accommodate the Tower of Babel

*Mar.* Sir, how dare you enter my room? In the STREET a poor girl can't prevent your staring, and following, and talking to her in a way to make her blush and hate you—but here I am at home—this is my room, sir; and here I have a right to tell you, you ought to be ashamed of yourself.

*Chev.* Ashamed of myself for thinking you charming?

*Mar.* I—I don't so much complain of *that*.

*Chev.* Then, if candour be a virtue, 'tis but right to say as much.

*Mar.* It is nobody's right, but the worthy man's I am engaged to.—My own true-hearted Michael!

*Chev.* [*Aside.*] Engaged! This, then, is the cause of all this freezing virtue! [*To her.*] The best way, my dear, to show a true heart, is to love like true flesh and blood—and I'll answer for it, my intentions on *that* score, are just as sincere as his.

*Mar.* Indeed! then you came to ask me to marry you?

*Chev.* Why that, methinks, would be a little premature from an acquaintance of half an hour. Would it not be better to get a little more intimate, before going those desperate lengths? [*Advancing*]

*Mar.* Hold sir; not a step nearer, or I call for help. I've plenty of kind neighbours; and the inspector of the district lives in this very house.

*Chev.* The inspector! Of the sweet prospect before me, I would not for worlds, have any in pector but myself.

*Mar.* [*Aside.*] Really, after all he seems very sensible! [*Loud.*] Sir, for my sake, for your own, retire. In times like these you courtfolks have got trouble enough on your hands already, without getting into more.

*Chev.* The very reason for my stay: if the citizens frown on us, we must seek consolation in the smiles of their wives and daughters. Come, come, am I so VERY repulsive? A perfect Gorgon, to turn Cupid into stone?

*Mar.* Oh no; but you look best—at a distance.

*Chev.* [*Aside*] I see her heart is under a rusty moral lock. I'll try a golden key. [*To her.*] Do you feel the same contempt for ALL the elegancies of life?

*Mar.* Oh, I have no objection in the world to them, provided——

*Chev.* What? Speak.

*Mar.* One hasn't to pay *too much* for them.

*Chev.* But suppose you hadn't to trouble yourself about the price?

*Mar.* That is the very thing that *would* trouble me.

*Chev.* This room, for instance, harmonizes ill with female softness; this furniture but rudely ministers to female com-



fort. [*Chevalier crosses to L. H.—on which Mariette instantly crosses to R. H.*]

*Mar.* Sir, I bought, and PAID for every thing you see; and I earned the money by my labour: if you could see things in a proper light, you would think this a very respectable little property.

*Chev. [Aside.]* The girl's tongue has some point. [*To her.*] Nevertheless, a handsome suite of rooms, equipage, attendants, are generally considered RESPECTABLE additions to an attic story. To take one case of a hundred;—what a glass is there to contemplate that form! I would have a full length mirror to reflect unbroken, the charms you present to its glad surface.

*Mar.* That little cracked thing in the corner yonder, suits my face much better; for I can think and look on it without a BLUSH.

*Chev. [Aside.]* By Cupid's bow I swear, this girl's sense and virtue are more enticing conquests than the mere Cyprian charms I have been used to. [*To her.*] I own I feel strangely interested in you.

*Mar.* Yes! an interest that would eat up my principle.—Leave me, sir. I am as proud of my title of an honest girl as you of your nobility.

*Chev. [Smiling.]* I fear my nobility is not worth much just now. I really think I could find in my heart to forget it awhile, and for your sake——

*Mar.* What?

*Chev.* Turn apprentice to any craft in Paris.

*Mar.* An APPRENTICE? You seem a MASTER of craft already. For the last time my lord——

*Chev.* No! no quite a lord, though not very far removed from one. Now you see we are already a little nearer each other, and no great harm done. Oh, listen to me, lovely girl, whilst on my knee I vow——[*Drums beat—answered by others—noise increased, and prolonged*] What do I hear!

*Mar. [Aside.]* Thank heaven! [*Goes to window.*] The guard beating to arms; the Court yard is already filled with soldiers; and see, how the crowd pour into the Carousel.

*Chev.* 'Tis so, as I live! the double roll too! The alarm, then, is urgent.—I must away, and yet, I cannot leave her.

*Mar.* Go, sir—go whilst you can; the crowd already throng the gates; [*A loud bell and distant shouts heard.*] in a few moments you will be cut off from your post of duty.—Go, go; I forgive your visit but mind and don't do so again. What do you want more? Well, there—[*Gives her hand which he kisses.*] but only to save your life; for 'tis monstrous disagreeable.

*Chev.* For a few hours farewell! [*Exit L. H.*]

*Mar.* [*Closing the door instantly.*] Thank heaven, he's gone! Really, a nice young man; a young man of remarkably good taste too; and only spoiled and ruined by having nothing useful to do with himself. If he had to earn his breakfast every morning, 'twould do him a world of good. But come, I must light a fire for my supper; it's almost four o'clock by the Tuileries. [*Talking at her work.*] He's quite right on one point. Michael is terribly jealous; but then, they say there's no true love to be got without it; I believe he thinks, all the while, I'm little short of a saint, which I'm sure I'm not, and don't wish to be.—Michael is quite good enough for me—a man's quite as pleasant, for not being so very very proper—Let me see—haven't I time to carry home my work? Madame la Roi pays ready money, and my poor old aunt's quarterly allowance is due to-morrow. Sixteen francs and a half! Oh! that I could double it! I often think how charitable the rich ought to be, if only to make up for the poor, who can only LONG to be so! [*A gentle tap at the door*] Who is there?

*Mich.* [*Meekly.*] Michael!

*Mar.* Michael? What can bring him here? I told him not to call before my birthday. It must be something strange indeed. [*Opens the door L. H.*] Come in, sir.

*Enter MICHAEL MAGNUS, L. H. D.* He is equipped with a blouse coat, broad belt, long sword, bayonet, musket, cartridge box, and a large tri-coloured cockade in his hat—he has his musket in one hand, and a basket in the other

*Mich.* Pardon me, fair Mariette, for coming up without leave, but uncommon events call up uncommon men, and uncommon men must sometimes move out of the common way!

*Mar.* Why, what in the name of the saints are you going to do in that terrible ugly dress?

*Mich.* What am I going to do? What do we do with a musket? what do we do with a long sword? what do we do with cartridge boxes crammed with cannon balls? [*Noise of the bell continued.*] Hear'st thou not the tocsin, unsophisticated Mariette? Hear'st thou not the mustering drum? All Paris is stark mad, and I rather flatter myself I am so too.

*Mar.* Mad about what?

*Mich.* For the Rights of Man! to be sure! and then we mean to have the Rights of Woman!

*Mar.* Where do you expect to get 'em?

*Mich.* [*Goes to window.*] Behold yonder buildings! We mean to get them *there!* from the long clawed gentry *there!* In future we know but one right! To every man his own! ha, ha!

*Mar.* It's all very fine.

*Mich.* I thought I should astonish you. I haven't read ancient history books for nothing. Long life to the immortal dead, say I! Cicero Bucephalus, and men of that kidney. My valour comes all from them.

*Mar.* Then they haven't done you much harm.

*Mich.* Father and I have been rehearsing out of work hours all last week.

*Mar.* What? old John Magnus, the tailor?

*Mich.* Now a warrior! He has thrown down his needle, and taken up grandfathér's long sword—old Bayard, as we call him. A pretty job I had to get the rust out of old Bayard.

*Mar.* He ought to set you a better example.

*Mich.* No, no—father's set me a good example all his life. I thought it high time to do as much for father; so when they made me Captain, I made father, Drummer. He serves under me to learn the business, for he's but a young one *in arms*.

*Mar.* For the second time—when they say a man's more childish than the first.

*Mich.* At the head of my company I mean to petrify them with a speech, just to make 'em fly to victory. This very day I seize the palace

*Mar.* You!

*Mich.* Yes, I—and a few more. And this brings me to business. Go not forth, young maiden, for the day will be hot. Balls and bullets are as dull as lead, and can't distinguish between an honest girl and another—so I've been doing a bit of Commissariat for you. [*Shewing his basket*] See here—supplies.

*Mar.* Thank you, Mr Magnus. This is like your kind heart, indeed. Let me hope that out of friendship you will also give me—

*Mich.* Speak—'tis yours! Anything on this celestial terra firma!

*Mar.* A promise to give up all this military nonsense.

*Mich.* What? refuse to give happiness to the whole human race? to spread peace and love from Pole to Pole?

*Mar.* Spread peace and love sword in hand?

*Mich.* Yes. Here are your long peace-makers! [*Pointing to them.*] See, there's a musket! Ancient Cæsar never had a better. Ere night every corruption in the land shall be swept away with the breath of his nostril—and chief of all, a certain pretty gentleman, all smiles and Eau de Cologne; that aristocratic butterfly I have lately seen fluttering about you, Miss Mariette

*Mar.* You have seen him, have you?

*Mich.* I have rather—and watched him perch at the palace.

If I catch him in the row, presently, I'll carbonado him. To tell you a secret, 'tis chiefly on *his* account I've left work, and taken to the heroic line of business. 'Tis for the chance of finding *him* there, I am this moment going to storm the palace. My blood boils to think of him! Oh that I had him here!

*Mar.* Michael, you terrify me.

*Miah.* What? do you *fear* for him?

*Mar.* No—I fear for you. You may be terribly wounded—nay, killed outright. You shan't go at all. Come, for my sake, lay these vile things aside.

*Mich.* Mariette, tempt not my virtue. When this head and arm have done the job for my country, every inch of me is yours.

*Mar.* What would become of me were I left alone in this hard world?

*Mich.* [*Crying.*] I was a precious fool to come and take leave, wasn't I?

*Mar.* No, you were kind and wise—for you shall not leave me again. What good could *you* do there?

*Mich.* Kill the wolf that follows you about. Crush the gilded wasp that buzzes round for an opportunity to sting you.

*Mar.* But if *he* killed *you*, who would protect me from him?

*Mich.* Eh? that's very true. Enough! I yield—I stay! I'll take care of you all this blessed night.

*Mar.* All night, sir?

*Mich.* Yes—I'll mount guard over my own wife. Comrades, take care of yourselves—I'll stay in the bosom of my family. [*Confused noise of a mob. Shouts mixed with the Marseillaise Hymn.*] Ah! they come! my fellow warriors in arms! [*Goes to window.*] Yes—there's my corporal, dirty Jacques in front; and father drumming away like mad—his white hair floating like a banner—and shall I desert it? Never!

*Mar.* You won't leave me, Michael?

*Mich.* O love! O duty! I must run for it! Farewell, sweet Mariette! As ancient Brutus said before me—I love not thee less, but France more. I come, lads, I come! Aux armes, citoyens? rangez vous bataillons! Hurrah! [*Rushes out L. D. slamming it.*]

*Mar.* He's gone! He flies into danger as quick as I should run out of it. Why didn't I fall on his neck, and stop him in his own way—by force of arms. Ungrateful men! that make us own they are all the world to us, just by showing we are nothing at all to them. And then to go fighting about politics. It seems to me men carry politics much like wine and those whose heads are weakest, talk most nonsense, and make most noise. [*Goes to window.*] There he rushes towards the palace without even looking up to me. What a crowd! and the p

lace yard full of soldiers ! Surely something dreadful is going to happen ! [*A heavy discharge of musketry.*] Holy Virgin guard us ! O horror ! the ground is strewed with bodies !—and now the mob are storming the gates ! they force them ! [*Discharge of heavy guns—smoke and flame visible—noise of the bell—loud shouts and shrieks.*] Hark ! that savage shout ! those horrid shrieks they charge again—pour like a torrent on the troops [*Closes window.*] I can look no more, When the good and bad cause meet in a sea of blood like this surely Heaven itself can see no difference between them. [*Pause.*] The tumult seems less. I'll light my lamp for company, for I'm half afraid of being alone ; though in such moments the cottage and garret are safer than the palace and the saloon. [*A shot strikes the ledge of the window.*] Who's there ? Ah ! my poor rose tree—Michael's gift—thrown down ! [*Another shot breaks the window. She shrieks out.*] Ah ! again ! there's danger here— I'll run to my neighbour's below— [*As she is going towards L. H. D. the CHEVALIER opens it, and staggers in, pale and disordered.*]

*Chev.* Save me !

*Mar.* Ah ! he here again—at such a moment !

*Chev.* Fear not. I am hurt : my wounds are your security.

*Mar.* Wounded !

*Chev.* Fallen in the struggle, cut off from my friends, the crowd bore me by accident near this Alley. I got free, and staggered here. Save my life—I faint— [*Sinks on a chair—a noise is heard below.*]

*Voices.* This way ! this way !

*Mar.* What noise is that ?

*Chev.* My fears were true, then—I did not escape noise. The bloodhounds have tracked me, and that is their savage yell.

*Mar.* They are coming up stairs. Hush—be still as the dead. Leave all to me. [*She conceals the light. Heavy tramp up stairs—shouts and laughter one to another—ringing of swords—grounding of muskets, and other appropriate sounds—at last, three heavy blows on the door.*] Who's there ?

*Dozen Voices.* The people !

*Mar.* What people ?

*Voice.* The Nation ! [*Shouts. They applaud by knocking their arms on the ground.*]

*Mar.* [*Assumed simplicity.*] What does the nation please to want in my bed-room ?

*Voice.* Open, and we'll tell you—eh, comrades ? [*Shouts.*]

*Mar.* I can't—I'm not fit to be seen.

*Voice.* We'll judge about that—eh, lads ? [*Laughter and knocking.*]

*Mar.* I've no light.

*Voice.* We'll enlighten you—ha, ha! [*Shouts again.*] Come, no more delay. An officer has taken refuge in this house—we suspect this room. Here are one or two among us want to settle accounts with the gentleman in a quiet way—eh, boys?

*Chev.* The miscreants! Let me face them!

*Mar.* Hush, for your life! [*Loud*] Does the Nation please to know Michael Magnus?

*Voice.* Michael Magnus? Why he's our captain.

*Mar.* Does the Nation suppose that Michael's wife that is to be, would let such a creature into his bed-room, that is to be?

*Voice.* What? are you Mariette?

*Mar.* As true as she is me. Ask Michael else.

*Voice.* All right, eh comrades? [*Murmurs* "Yes, yes—all right!"] Beg pardon, Miss Mariette, for disturbing you. She's one of us. He's not here, Good night, Miss Mariette. Beg pardon.

*Mar.* Good night, neighbours—good night, nation! [*Heavy tramp and renewed clinking of arms as they descend, with audible talk amongst themselves.*—"We'll have him yet. Station two men at the top of the Alley."—*All this prolonged many minutes, during which, Mariette by signs, enjoins silence.*] They are gone. Michael's name has saved us. Who would have thought it?

*Chev.* It was Heaven's suggestion to me to take refuge here.

*Mar.* Yes! but the danger over, you must go.

*Chev.* Be it so.

*Mar.* Hark! do I not hear them still below? [*Looks on.* Yes, and two sentinels have taken their stand in the only passage leading from the Alley.

*Chev.* No matter.

*Mar.* No matter? They'll kill you—that's all.

*Chev.* In such a day as this 'twill be but one more marder, and the victim's ready. I will go.

*Mar.* You shall not go. [*Seizing his arm.*]

*Chev.* [*Shouting.*] Ah—

*Mar.* Did I hurt you?

*Chev.* A ball has struck my arm—perhaps is buried there; though I hope [*Smiling.*] 'tis not a GRAVE wound.

*Mar.* Wounded! I forgot—fear is so selfish! To talk of sending you away! Sit down—sit down: let me bind your arm.—How unlucky! how strange too! I own I would see any one in the world here rather than you, yet I would not for the world see you go away.

*Chev.* Your embarrassment shall end. Let me go down.

*Mar.* I would if I could, but I can't—something HERE



won't leave me; a fellow creature, a son of France, and so, a brother shall not be forsaken by his sister—but if I stretch forth a SISTER'S hand, do you return a BROTHER'S PRESSURE.

*Chev.* Yet remember.

*Mar.* More objections! if I ask your company, do try and put up with mine. There's my best chair—sit down—how pale you are! Be cheerful—the danger, I hope, is past.

*Chev.* I am as free from fear as you from evil—but nature may sink even when the heart is sound, and now, exhaustion, pain, and thirst—

*Mar.* What can I do for him? Ah, I remember—the basket brought by my own kind Michael. Dear fellow! he little thought into whose hands his commissariat would fall. [*She gives Chevalier a chair—spreads the contents of the basket on the table, and serves the Chevalier with wine, &c.*]

*Chev.* Thanks! 'tis reviving—you have saved my life a second time—let me now explain. Pent in that narrow court, our ranks were soon broken, and discipline lost—my throat was within reach of the butchers, when by a fresh influx of imprecating ruffians, I was carried away in the crowd and borne close to this Alley. Life is our first and last affection. I came to one I thought would save mine. She has saved it.

*Mar.* Thank heaven! as I do. But you must need rest—go into that little room; rest on the couch 'till I call you; fear not—I'll be your faithful sentinel.

*Chev.* Is it possible? and so near you?

*Mar.* [*Coldly.*] So near your enemies, sir; that is the only neighbourhood you have to think of. Go in—sleep if you can—if not be as still and silent.

*Chev.* Yes! for thy sake more than my own. [*Exit through the door R. H.*]

*Mar.* What am I doing? a man received—kept here—hid in my bed-room—alone—at night! Who would believe it is mere pity—mere charity? No one! but Heaven knows it, and that is enough for me. Ah, no—it is not enough; Michael must know it too, or I am miserable—but then, his hatred to this stranger—his jealousy; alas, his love and confidence in me are too weak against such passions. I see misery THERE, and danger HERE. Yes, this young man with wicked love, with opportunity, and I with no protection, but his gratitude—that MAY be strong enough—but I'll see if I can't make it stronger. We Paris folks are used now a days to barricades. I'll try MY hand. First, the chest of drawers—how heavy! I'm sure there's little enough in it—now the table, chairs. [*Whilst she is engaged in placing the furniture before R. H. door of the inner room, a gentle tap is heard at door L. H.*] Ah! Some

one knocks. Who can it be? My heart beats so, I can scarcely stand.

*Mich.* Mariette!

*Mar.* Ah! Thank Heaven he's safe! 'Tis Michael. I'm so glad—I'm so sorry.

*Mich.* Open the door, Mariette.

*Mar.* Impossible. I'm in bed—almost.

*Mich.* I see a light.—Come, come—but a moment

*Mar.* What shall I do? If I refuse, it will raise fresh suspicions, and if he enters—

*Mich.* Come, come, Mariette—no more ceremony—I'm sick and tired to death.

*Mar.* Poor fellow! I can't refuse [*Loud.*] Well, then, for a moment—only a moment—for it is very late. [*She opens the L. H. door—he enters slow and dejected—she shakes his hand affectionately.*]

*Mich.* Why Mariette one would think you were keeping out the enemy. I got quicker into the palace—aye, in the teeth of a thousand bayonets.

*Mar.* It is late, Michael; I was half asleep.

*Mich.* Asleep? If you were asleep just now, you are a rare sleepwalker and *sleepwalker* too. If it hadn't been night, I should have thought you were moving your goods out of the house. Well, well, your kind looks revive me.

*Mar.* And yours me, dear Michael.

*Mich.* [*Sighing and putting down his musket.*] Well! it's all up with them. We are conquerors.

*Mar.* Why do you shudder?

*Mich.* 'Tis something chill after a hot day. Blood and smoke don't improve a man's complexion; tussling and pummelling don't add to a man's strength; shrieks and groans don't lighten a man's heart.

*Mar.* You look very ill dear Michael; you are hurt perhaps.

*Mich.* No! I think not—and yet I've a kind of feeling across here [*Touches his breast.*] as bad as any wound. No! I'm shot free, though I may say without a brag, I was amongst the first and foremost.

*Mar.* I'm sorry for it.

*Mich.* I led our party. The poor red coats were soon knocked on the head, or took to their heels. [*Grandly.*] Mariette, I took the Palace by escalade! There we found a handful of officers drawn up; they had made up their minds for the other world; no mistake about that. The gentleman I was after wasn't amongst them! so, somehow, I couldn't help feeling—

*Mar.* You saved them, Michael, I'm sure you did. [*Seizes Michael*]



*Mich.* I tried to talk my comrades over. Ave! talk to the roaring sea when the brave ship's upon the rock; they were all——[*Overpowered.*] Let's talk of something else; it gets chiller and chiller.

*Mar.* It chills indeed, the very blood,

*Mich.* Poor father, too—

*Mar.* Dead?

*Mich.* No, no; I'll tell you. I left the old man in the Court-yard; the peppering inside was too hot for his constitution. When the business was done and I came out, he had left his post; I saw him making off; questioned him; he told me——never mind——'tis an ugly story.

*Mar.* Go on; go on.

*Mich.* Heaps of precious things had been tossed out of the Palace windows—and very pretty catching it was. Well, presently a monstrous dainty looking article tumbles at father's feet—he picked it up, quite natural. That greedy thief, dirty Jacques demanded it; the plucky old boy refused: Jacques, knocked him down, and his knife was at his throat, when a royalist——I can't go on for shame

*Mar.* Proceed.

*Mich.* A cursed royalist——God bless him! stepped in and saved the old man's life. Seizing Bayard, he clearly showed the blackguard had some brains—which I didn't believe

*Mar.* Horrible!

*Mich.* There was no time to waste in thanks—his deliverer was unarmed—all father could do was to bid him keep his sword, and fly—'twas the work of a moment. [*Pause.*] "Michael," said father, "I've had enough of glory—thank heaven no blood's upon my hand, except my own." I couldn't say as much. I almost fell to the ground.

*Mar.* Go home, and fall on your knees, Michael Good night.

*Mich.* [*Going to L. H. D.*] Well, I did hope to take a bit of supper with you.

*Mar.* Poor fellow! you must want some indeed—how unkind of me to forget! Sit down—I've been so frightened, I've lost my appetite. Your friends have been here to search the house, and almost broke into my room

*Mich.* They told me all and apologized—they've ordered off the two sentinels at the top of the Alley, out of compliment to me, their commanding officer. Commanding officers are immense men now a days. [*Puts his musket in the corner.*]

*Mar.* [*Aside.*] Then the road is clear—if I can but send him out of the way, and get that ugly blouse and cockade for my poor prisoner! [*Loud.*] Sit down Michael, and begin—don't mind me—my appetite is gone. [*Michael sits.*]

*Mich.* [*Lifting a cover.*] Gone! I should'nt wonder: for by Shem and Japhet, you've done justice to my Ham.

*Mar.* [*Aside.*] How unlucky.

*Mich.* Unlucky! not at all. I'm too tired to do much—so I'll just recruit upon a glass of wine, and be off. [*Pouring.*] Hollo' by Bacchus and Plutarch, I'm only just in time. I'm afraid the ham was oversalt.

*Mar.* [*Aside.*] What shall I say now? [*Loud.*] I—I gave it to a poor creature who came to my door and almost fainted as he asked for charity.

*Mich.* There's my Mariette, again—too good—too kind. Ah! if you had been in the Carousel just now, you'd have wished to save the poor soldiers—poor devils!

*Mar.* I would have tried to save them, too, with my very life.

*Mich.* Eh? that's something strong. Suppose now—only suppose one of the recruits, one of those soldiers—that young officer, for example—that damned fellow haunts me—suppose he had come to you, blubbering for pity,—

*Mar.* [*Aside.*] Ah! can he suspect?

*Mich.* Begging you to conceal him for one hour in your room—for the fellow has impudence enough for anything—that room which is shut even against me?

*Mar.* [*Calmly.*] I would have concealed him.

*Mich.* [*Starts up.*] You might do of course as you pleased—but if I caught him there, by the heaven above I'd cut him to pieces.

*Mar.* As the royalist served Jacques when he saved your father?

*Mich.* [*Pause.*] Ah, well! I'll go home to father. Good night, Mariette

*Mar.* Good night, Michael.

*Mich.* Is that all? Shall Mars depart without a smile from Venus? One chaste salute—one little touching proof?

*Mar.* [*Gives her hand.*] There.

*Mich.* [*Aside.*] As I'm a living man, I never had a kiss from her. She's a particular sort—the real Lucretia and Potiphar breed. [*Loud.*] Well! only look like that, and I'll behave like a lambkin. Good night, sweet. I'll retreat to night quarters.

*Mar.* [*Aside.*] But you must leave your accoutrements with me [*Loud.*] Good night, Michael. [*Exit Michael, L. D.*] Now for my plan. [*Calling after him.*] Michael!

*Mich.* [*Returning.*] Ah, she thinks better of it. [*Preparing his lips.*]

*Mar.* You can do me a service; no, no, I want something more than LIP-SERVICE.

*Mich.* Speak; command! the Bastille is gone; shall I take the Hotel de Ville?

*Mar.* You need only take my bandbox.

*Mich.* A warrior with a bandbox! Grenadiers of Greece and Rome hear that!

*Mar.* I want you to carry this work to Madame le Roi; you know the shop on the Boulevard.

*Mich.* To-morrow morning?

*Mar.* This moment; she always pays when the work is sent home; bring me the money—I want it early.

*Mich.* I've plenty—yesterday was pay day—take the money from me.

*Mar.* Will you do what I have asked?

*Mich.* To be sure: 't isn't far—a quarter of an hour will do the business. [*Takes the box and is going.*]

*Mar.* Stay, you mustn't go in that figure.

*Mich.* Why not? I'm proud of it.

*Mar.* But you will frighten the women out of their senses, and that you would be ashamed of. Take off your blouse and that fierce cockade, and leave your musket here.

*Mich.* Anything—everything to please you. [*Laying down the box, and taking off his blouse, sword, and hat.*] Oh the notions of these unadulterated girls! never mind, we shall make Roman Amazons and Abigails of 'em in time. There, will that do? [*Takes up the box.*]

*Mar.* Now you are fit to be seen.

*Mich.* Don't touch my musket; it is loaded muzzle high; I had better put it in the little room. [*Going to door.*]

*Mar.* [*Aside.*] O Heavens! Michael—sir—my bed-room.

*Mich.* [*Seeing the furniture.*] Holloa! what's all this?

*Mar.* That—that's my barricade.

*Mich.* [*R.*] Spirits of Vauban and Judas Maccabeus, look there! She fortifies the very door where nobody can possibly enter. She barricades herself out of her own citadel!

*Mar.* [*Stammering.*] I keep my valuables in that room, and before all those things could be moved, you see, I should have time to call for help—you see.

*Mich.* Ha, ha, ha! Now I'll just show you how little Alexander the Great would have served this fortification. First, he'd have got these works well to his rear, [*Planting his back to the drawers.*] then, he'd have drawn up his foot, so, and then—

*Mar.* [*Clinging to his arm.*] If you love me, Michael, desist.

*Mich.* Well, well, I'll ground arms here then. [*Returning*

his musket to the corner, and taking the box ] [*Aside*] What a modest creature this! so afraid I should get into the ci adel! Now for your errand—n then y' minutes I'm here again. [*Exit L. H.*]

[*Mariette goes to the left hand door, and taps three times; at this moment MICHAEL, with the quick action of having forgotten something, re-opens the L. H. door. Seeing Mariette so engaged he retires, watching with the door ajar.*]

*Mar.* Push the door gently and come out. [*CHEVALIER enters.*] We must consult seriously and promptly. If you get clear of this quarter, where do you go first?

*Chev.* I shall try to reach my poor mother's roof—her anguish none but I can estimate, none but I dispel—but I must traverse the Louvre, and with this ill-fated uniform how can I hope to pass unchallenged?

*Mar.* That I have thought of—there's your disguise. [*Goes to window*] The crowd is dispersed; the tumult over; the Alley deserted; the sentinels withdrawn—this is the moment I have prayed for. Go, and heaven be with you

*Chev.* [*Deeply affected*] Mariette in shame for my libertine love—in gratitude for my preserved life, let me bend before you.

*Mar.* You have no time to be silly! trifle not with danger, but begone.

*Chev.* [*Takes her hand.*] Mariette, I look on you for the last time—in grateful, in fraternal affection let me leave on your innocent brow, a brother's farewell kiss. [*Michael steps forward.*]

*Mar.* I'd rather not, for Michael must know all. [*As the Chevalier advances to kiss her, Michael dashes down, the box between them*]

*Mich. (c.)* He does know all—ha, ha, ha! Damnation!

*Mar.* I am lost! Michael!

*Mich.* Beg pardon for coming at an awkward moment. Go on—don't let me interrupt you. Isn't this the young gentleman I've been looking for all day? Surely I know his sweet face. It seems I looked in the wrong place. I sought a soldier at a soldier's post. I should have looked in my love's bed room, yonder—ha, ha, ha!

*Mar.* Michael! this to me? [*Bursts into tears*]

*Chev.* Ungrateful and unmanly!

*Mich. (c.)* Patience is a good nag, but she will bolt. [*He strikes the Chevalier.*] Take that!

*Mar.* Michael! a wounded man?

*Mich.* When we catch the wolf in the fold, do we spare him for a wounded fang? A! the better! [*Snatches up his sword*] Draw!

*Chev.* For her sake, I pity and spare you.

*Mich.* [*Furious.*] Draw, or I'll cut you down.

*Chev.* [*Draws.*] Nay, then, madman, take your own head-long way. [*As the swords cross, Michael starts back.*]

*Mich.* Holla! I say, young fellow, where did you get that sword?

*Chev.* No matter.

*Mich.* Where did you get that sword, I say?

*Chev.* From an old man——

*Mich.* When? where?

*Chev.* In the Carousel, yonder——

*Mich.* A handsome looking man? was he something like me?

*Chev.* Not like you. He gave me this sword to defend my life—you draw yours to destroy it.

*Mich.* [*Throws down sword.*] Wretch! monster! I, not you. Strike it to my heart—or do just knock me down with the hilt—'Twas father! Oh I know all about it. And I to lift my hand against—it doesn't signify; I can't look you in the face.

*Chev.* Your feelings I honour—your injustice I pardon, when you tune to that sweet injured girl.

*Mich.* [*Kneeling to Mariette.*] Ah, yes. But I say, talking of that sweet, injured girl—how came you here?

*Chev.* I came here twice.

*Mich.* [*Starts up c.*] Twice?

*Chev.* The first time to ask her love.

*Mich.* The devil you did!

*Chev.* She shut the door in my face.

*Mich.* Serve you right!

*Chev.* The second time to ask my life—she opened it to my despair.

*Mich.* Ah, I see! the the state of the commissariat, yonder, the barricade——

*Chev.* The one was woman's charity—the other, maiden's fear

*Mich.* And my accouplements—— [*Points to things on the stage.*]

*Chev.* Kept for my escape—for a disguise—as they have been to you—making a good and feeling heart look brutal

*Mich.* [*Timidly.*] Mariette forgive me. They say heaven loves nothing so much as forgiving and you are most like heaven of anything I ever saw. I'm an unfeeling fool—that's all I can say for myself. [*To the Chevalier.*] Do say something for me—you've got such a nice devilish way with you.

*Chev.* [*Takes the hand of the averted Mariette, and places it in Michael's.*] Be worthy of her, and Heaven bless you together. Farewell!

*Mich.* True, true—there's not a moment to lose. See, Mariette, I'll work out your plot with my own hands. [*Helping on the blouse, sword, and hat.*] You and I weren't cut out on the same block, but one will serve the other at a pinch you see. I declare I never saw my clothes look so gentlemanlike before. [*Pause.*] I'm afraid you're not likely to look in again in a hurry. By the bye, I interrupted you just now when I came in. Don't mind me; just finish—[*Touching his lips.*]—the little job you wanted to do. [*Chevalier kisses Mariette.*] That will do, very nicely.

*Chev.* [*To Mariette.*] Heaven bless and reward you!

*Mich.* Thank you! You see you saved—father's life—and somehow—I can't help it! [*Seizes him in his arms*] You're a damn'd noble fellow after all. Heaven bless and reward you, too! [*Chevalier disappears.*] He flies down stairs! he takes the steps like a greyhound. [*Rushes to window*] He's in the court already, and not a soul besides. He reaches the top—he looks back! See, Mariette—he waves his hat! He's gone! Ha, ha, ha! [*Dancing, and laughing hysterically*] Are you happy, Mariette? Ha! as happy as I? [*She rushes to his arms*] Yes, your heart throbs against mine for joy, and well it may. See there! [*Pointing to Audience*] Men below, and gods above, are smiling on "The Angel of the Attic!"

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